

SLEEP'S DOMAIN.

What Strange Things Happen in
That Mystic Realm.

Multitudes of Dreams for Hawthorne to
Pass Upon.

There's Been Nothing Like This Tour-
nament Since the World Began.

CONDITIONS OF THE TOURNAMENT.

A gold double eagle goes to the writer of the
most remarkable dream. Julian Hawthorne, the
popular novelist, is the judge. The dreams must
be authentic, written on one side of the paper, as
short as possible (many of those received are al-
together too long) and, above all, interesting.

He Has Stopped Smoking.
While in my smoking-chair last night, I
dreamed that I had reached the gates of
heaven, but the angel at the gate would not
let me in, because my name was not on the
book. I begged him to send some servants
to look again, but they returned with the
same answer. I then asked the angel to go,
and he returned saying that my name was
there, but it was so full of smoke that they
could hardly distinguish it. I have not
smoked since. C. BENTON.
68 Thirty-ninth street, South Brooklyn.

Saw the Letter Twice.
Several years ago my husband was expect-
ing an important business letter from a friend
and business associate in London. The let-
ter was delayed for several weeks, and I, as
well as my husband, was anxious and dis-
turbed about it. One night I dreamed that
the letter came, inclosed in a large blue en-
velope. I saw in my dream the exact
appearance of the letter, and understood the
general purport of its contents. Two weeks
after the night of the dream it was repeated
in every detail exactly like the first. The
next morning the letter came, its size, ap-
pearance and general purport exactly as I
twice dreamed it. I found that it was written
the day previous to the first dream.
J. R. GRIFFIN.
846 East Forty-second street.

A Prophetic Vision.
On the night of Jan. 6 I dreamed that my
brother and I were ascending a hill for the
purpose of seeing a horse race. Everything
was beautiful until we reached the top of the
hill, when all seemed to change to semi-dark-
ness. The starting bell rang out and off went
the horses at top speed, and my horse, which
was a beautiful white, was away ahead of all
the others until, with a few feet to go, he
slipped and fell. I turned round and saw
the jockey broke his arm. I turned round for
my brother, but he was gone, and I failed to
find him after which I went home. I was
much surprised. On the 23d of January I got a
letter from Scotland telling me of the death
of the brother whom I lost at the race course,
and also that in the early part of the month
my dear old mother had broken her leg.
G. R. M.

A Chase for a Soul.
A few nights ago I dreamed I became sud-
denly conscious I had lost my soul. The dis-
covery caused me great mental distress, al-
though I felt it possible to recover it by
searching. I then began to look all about my
room. I finally stopped and looked under
the table, and there was my lost soul. It
presented the appearance of a luminous ball
about the size of a toy balloon. It contin-
ually quivered, as though filled with mercury.
I seized an iron poker, brought it conveni-
ently near, and began shaking my soul to
within my reach, when it bounded out and up to
the ceiling and all around the room. The door
of a coal stove being open, my next fear was
that my soul would pass through this aperture
and escape up the chimney. To my horror
and dismay my soul then made an attempt to
pass through the door which I was
guarding with the poker. Filled with the
agony of despair I shrieked, as making it
self oblong, my soul squeezed through the
aperture and disappeared. I then awoke,
drenched in a cold perspiration,
and found my room-mates speaking and call-
ing me by name, and anxiously inquiring
why I had screamed so loud and fearfully.
J. H. E. Yonkers, N. Y.

Went Miles in Seconds.
One night about four years ago I returned
home from work very tired, and, sitting
on the edge of my bed, called my brother to
pull off my shoes just as the City Hall bell
began to strike 9 o'clock.
He took hold of my foot, and I fell asleep.
I dreamed that I was in bed, and was awak-
ened by the fire bells. I got up and dressed,
and, rushing into the street, found the whole
city was on fire. Down First street I ran,
passing people and buildings I knew well,
and reaching the ferry, crossed to New York,
going up Fulton street to Broadway, up

Broadway to Grand street, and thence to the
ferry over to Broadway, Brooklyn, and in a
roundabout way to my home. I found my
house all right, and went in and to bed, from
which I thought a fireman rushed in my
room and caught hold of my foot to pull me
out. I awoke. The pulling at my foot was
my brother pulling off my shoe, and the bell
had just struck the fifth stroke of 9 o'clock,
thus having dreamed in those few seconds
what would have taken hours to do.
EDGAR C. KYRIE.

Witnessed a Novel Experiment.
I dreamed that I was accompanying a
friend on an excursion to the planet Venus
in his aerial motor, the Space Annihilator.
The object of our journey was to witness a
trial of speed between a current of electricity
and a ray of light. As we approached Venus
I noticed innumerable airships steering
towards the planet from all directions. On
arriving at our destination we found every-
thing ready for the start. The course was
not straight away, but with a turn, the start
being from Venus to Juniter and return. A
wire, while others looked towards the re-
flector erected on Juniter sent back the ray
of light. The electricity was produced by an
enormous compound dynamo and col-
lected in a great number of wires. The re-
flector flashed forth and the wire cir-
cuit was closed. Some of those present
watched the receiver at the other end of the
wire, while others looked towards the re-
flector. The strain of anticipation was in-
tense, and just as I expected to see the flash
from the reflector or hear the rap from the
receiver—I awoke.

A Very Unpleasant Dream.
I send you a dream which I have had sev-
eral times. I dream that I open my eyes at
night and see the face of an old woman close
to mine. She puts one of her hands on my
chest and presses it down till my breath is
nearly gone, leaving fearfully in my face all
the time. She then releases me for a little
while, only that I may regain my breath for
her to repeat the operation again and again
until I nearly choke. Strange to say, the face
of the old woman is the face of my mother.
There is no old lady in the world so dear, so
lovely and so good as my mother. She is
always connected in my mind with peaceful,
pleasant thoughts. So why do I dream of
her thus? Mrs. S. D.

A French Soldier's Dream.
During the short war France had with
Tunisi we had been landed in Sfax, on the
Mediterranean coast, and were kept busy
skirmishing with the natives. We had been
fighting hard all day and at night I found
myself sleeping on the floor of the large room
where we had our quarters.
I must have been sleeping for some time
when I saw a French soldier coming in the
door. He looked like a phantom, shrouded in
the long folds of his white burnouse. Presently
one of them crept towards me. I wanted to
run but could not.

He kneeled before my chest, his dark face
bent over mine, a diabolical smile disclos-
ing his teeth as white and sharp as a
jackal's. Quick as lightning he laid his
hand on my face and I awoke. Big drops
of perspiration were rolling over my face,
and the fellow sleeping next to me was rest-
ing his left foot in a heavy order book on
my chest and was pressing my Adam's apple
with his left leg. I got up, straightened that
pair of legs and went back to sleep, this
time without dreams.

FRANKLIN DE NEW YORK,
426 West Forty-fifth street.

A Very Strange Dream.
Early in the Spring of 1888 I dreamed of
standing on the shore of a vast sea. Huge
waves rose and fell in the fury of the tempest.
Black clouds were driven at a marvellous
speed overhead, while all nature seemed ex-
erting herself to make the scene one of ter-
ror. Far off on the waves and very distinctly
my chest and was pressing my Adam's apple
with his left leg. I got up, straightened that
pair of legs and went back to sleep, this
time without dreams.

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and reaching the ferry, crossed to New York,
going up Fulton street to Broadway, up

AN OUTRAGE.

(Continued from First Page.)

child was a vagrant and had no home or
proper guardians, and it is stated by the
friends of the family, represented to the
magistrate that he had fully investigated the
case and that the parents were
utterly improper persons to have the
care of the child. The child was committed
to the American Female Guardian Society, at
No. 29 West Twenty-ninth street.

AGENT YOUNG'S INVESTIGATION.
So far as the investigation by Young was
concerned, it appears that all he did was to
make inquiries in the neighborhood, where
the father was very little known, and to see
Mrs. Harrison, who told him that the child
had gone to the police herself and she didn't
care what they did with Tina so long as she
was taken off her hands.

THE FATHER'S BAD STORY.
The story of his loss, as told to a reporter
of THE EVENING WORLD by the father in his
broken English, is a most pitiful one, and
the brutal treatment which he received from
the officers of the Society, to whom he and
his wife and friends applied time and again
for some news of the little one, is enough to
make the blood of any woman rise, and jus-
tifying citizen boil with indignation.

DRIVEN OUT OF THE SOCIETY'S ROOMS.
According to the father's story, he immedi-
ately went to the office of the Society, at
Twenty-third street and Fourth avenue, and
told them for his child. The next day Chris-
tina, a fortnight after the child was
taken up.
He saw a man, who from his description
must have been E. F. Jenkins, the Superin-
tendent, who told him that there was no such
child there and ordered him out of the place.
After waiting a couple of weeks, during
which he neglected his business in searching
among his fellow countrymen for some one to
assist him in his trouble, he went a second
time with the same result.
Then Mrs. Esther Solomon, of the Lady
Foresters' Society, became interested in his
case, and she and her friends went together to
the Society's office and saw Jenkins, who ad-
mitted that there was a child named Tina
Weiss in the charge of the Society, but he
could not tell where she was, and he was not
allowed to see her.

PROVED HE WAS THE FATHER.
"How do I know that you are the father?"
asked Jenkins of Weiss.
"I have a marriage certificate," he an-
swered, "and my wife and the other child
are in the old country. Many friends here
know I am the father."

Well, get your wife over here, then, to
take care of the girl, and we'll see what we
can do for you. You are a bad fellow and
beat your child and you can't have her.
Come, get out of here and don't bother us
any more. This was the answer given to
him, and Mr. Weiss, who was a poor fellow
of one of his subordinates, put the poor
fellow out of the office in spite of his tears
and protests.

HE DID BRING HIS WIFE OVER.
He had by this time money enough to bring
his wife and child over, so he paid for the
passage of herself and little daughter, who
is now six years old, with \$25 for local ex-
penses.
The mother had heard nothing of the loss
of Tina, for her husband had kept the news
carefully from her in all his letters, though
she had written several letters to Tina her-
self and had asked why they were not an-
swered, for she supposed that Tina was going
to school here and learning to read and write,
a thing which very few of the poor children
in Russia could do. So she was very proud
of her little daughter.

HER FIRST QUESTION WAS FOR TINA.
When she arrived at New York last July her
first question when she met her husband
at Castle Garden was for Tina.
He kept the news from her until he brought
her to the room which he engaged for
them at 192 Broome street. Then he told her
all.

DIDN'T GET THE CHILD THEN.
Soon after his wife's arrival Weiss went
with her to the Society's office and saw
Jenkins again. This time he told her that
he did not know him or his wife, and made him
come again and bring his marriage certificate
with him, which he had to have translated
from Hebrew, in which it was originally
written, into English.
Jenkins also made him furnish a recom-
mendation as to his character, which he ob-
tained from the Dienerberger Verein, a bene-
volent society of his own countrymen on the
east side to which he belongs.

After he had complied with all these re-
quirements he went to Jenkins and asked him
if he could not now have the child. The
latter answered that if he would wait a little
while he would see about it.
THE MOTHER ATTEMPTS SUICIDE.
The shock of not getting Tina back was so
great that the mother nearly lost her reason,
and in her despair attempted to end her life
by jumping from a window.
For several days her husband had to watch
her carefully for fear that she would do her-
self harm, and as he said yesterday with
tears in his eyes, she has never been here since
that day, but is continually crying and
mourning for her lost Tina, whom she be-
lieves she will never see again.

She is now sick and, and she says contin-
ually that she would rather see Tina in her
grave than know that she is alive and is kept
away from her.

THEY CALL AGAIN.
About two months ago, after waiting to hear
from the Society, Weiss again took his wife to
the Society's office and asked to see President
Gerry, as Jenkins was not there on that
occasion. They told him to come around at
5 o'clock in the afternoon, and he was there
with his wife at the appointed time.

THEY SHOULD NEVER SEE IT AGAIN.
Mr. Gerry, an attendant said, was in his
private office and that he refused to see them,
but after while the attendant went in again
and then said that there was no use in their
trying to get the child, because they could
never see it again, and he ordered them to be
put out of the office.

IT NEARLY CRAZED THE MOTHER.
This reply nearly crazed the mother, who

had been hoping all the time that she would
eventually get Tina back, and had been work-
ing hard to help her husband to get the
money which they thought would be neces-
sary to get Tina out of the hands of the So-
ciety.

LET ME SEE MY CHILD.
"Let me see my child, only let me see
her!" she cried in German, as she was being
pushed out of the door, but the officer told
her to stop her noise and closed the door on
her.
"Ever since then," said the father last
evening. "My wife has been sick. She
does not eat anything and cries all day and
hardly notices anything that is going on."
"I cannot understand how such things can
be in this free country. I came here to give my
children an education which they cannot get
in Russia. When I come here they are taken
away from me without any reason."
"I first made up my mind to come to
America ten years ago when I was in Paris,
where I went to get a legacy that a relative
had left me."

TOLD HIM HE WAS DRUNK.
"They told me at the Society that I was
drunk," that I beat my child, and that she
was afraid of me. It is a lie. I never was
drunk in my life, and my child loved me."
"She was always glad to see me when I
came home and wanted to be with me al-
ways. I know she did not like Mrs. Harri-
son, but I thought she would take care of
her until I could bring my wife to this coun-
try."

MRS. HARRISON HAS LEFT NEW YORK.
Mrs. Harrison left New York about a year
ago, and is now said to be living in Trenton,
N. J.
The rooms in which Mr. and Mrs. Weiss
now living are three comfortably fur-
nished apartments on the top floor of No. 192
Broome street.

HE ENGAGED THEM FROM Mrs. Dantziger,
the landlady, on July 1st, and has been pay-
ing his rent regularly ever since.
Everything looks clean and tidy about the
place. The younger child is now going to
the public school in Broome street, and is
bright and intelligent.

THE WEISS FAMILY RESPECTABLE.
Mrs. Dantziger told the reporter of THE
EVENING WORLD that the Weisses were re-
spectable, hard-working people, and that the
husband was a laborer and industrious. He
worked regularly at his trade, and was
kind and affectionate towards his wife and
child.

"I have heard all about the Society's get-
ting the other child, and I think it is a shame-
ful outrage. It has nearly killed Mrs. Weiss,
and I know she will never be happy until she
has her child back again. I hope she will
get it."

COMMITTED DEC. 22, 1887.
An investigation of the records at Essex
Market Police Court showed that Tina had
been committed to the American Female
Guardian Society on Dec. 22, 1887, a fact
which the officers of the Society have per-
sistently refused to give out.

"ADOPTED OUT."
This institution occupies the large double
building at 29 East Twenty-ninth street, ex-
tending through to Third street, and has
several hundred inmates. Mrs. Harris, the
secretary, seemed surprised that any one
should inquire for the Weiss child.

"She is not here any longer," she said last
night to a reporter of THE EVENING WORLD.
"The child was adopted out of our hands about
a year ago. A respectable family living out of town
adopted her several months ago, and I have
reason to believe that she is very comfortably
situated."

"Did you know that the parents of the
child are in this city and have been trying to
get possession of her?"
"I don't know what Mr. Gerry's Society
told us when she was committed to our care,
but I think it is a shame. If she is not a
regular club checker, on her 'for convenience
in cashing up, I'd like to fer fer know what
you've been playin' this week?"

AN OPEN QUESTION.
[From the Lincoln Journal.]
If all people were to "vote as they pray," it
wouldn't take long to count the ballots.

A MATTER OF SPACE.
[From the Boston Herald.]
When the New York daily papers are crowded
for space they always print Sukum with an
"n."

Sauce for the Goose, &c.
[From the St. Louis Democrat.]
A man that married a widow is bound to give
up smoking and cheating. If she gives up
cheating for him he should give up the weed for
her.

Well-Supported Name.
[From the Washington Herald.]
Bonlangier is the French for "baker." The
General of that name seems to be well supported
by the French-bred people.

He Came from Chicago.
[From the American Commercial Traveler.]
"Mr. Speaker, I've got the floor." "So I
perceive, sir, and if your feet were a little larger
you'd have the whole block."

A Tender Reminiscence.
[From the Merchant Traveler.]
A man who formerly acted as fireman to a
locomotive refers to his recollections of that
time as tender reminiscences.

Not a Legislative Case.
[From the Washington Herald.]
A lady in Connecticut is reported as having
horsewhipped a man named Burgess for charg-
ing her with the grave offense of stealing flowers
from a cemetery. This is not a case for legisla-
tive action, but may create some excitement in a
House of Burgess.

Let a Policeman Do It.
[From Texas Hfing.]
A friend of ours who is an enthusiast about
walking says we don't know what a pleasure it is
to take an early morning tramp. No, and we
don't want to know. If an early morning or a
late night tramp is to be taken we prefer to let a
policeman attend to the job.

DIARRHEA and dysentery are averted during teething
by MONKELL'S TEETHING CORDIAL. 25 cents.

such a thing is possible here," she said yes-
terday to a reporter of THE EVENING WORLD,
"and there ought to be some law to reach
those people."
"I am ready to give bonds for any amount
for the support of the child, and would
adopt her myself if it was necessary to get
her away from this Society."
"I know the parents, and I know that they
can take care of the child and give it a good
bringing up and a good education. Why
should they not be permitted to do so?
There ought to be some law somewhere, and
I am going to find out where it is, no matter
what it costs."

SUPP. JENKINS DECLINED TO EXPLAIN.
Supt. Jenkins was in when an EVENING
WORLD reporter called at the Society's rooms,
corner of Twenty-third street and Fourth
avenue, last evening. He consented to see
the reporter.
"Mr. Jenkins, will you kindly tell me
when your agents took little Tina Weiss?
and why it is that you refuse to give back
the girl when her parents and friends
are able and willing to take care of her?"
"No. I must decline to give any information
to THE EVENING WORLD," he answered, testily.

The reporter then went to the outside of-
fice to await the arrival of Mr. Eliza T. T.
Gerry, President of the Society.
When Mr. Gerry arrived he was "dressed
in a private entrance, before the reporter
had a chance to see and explain the case to
him. Mr. Jenkins saw him first.

Briefly the reporter told Mr. Gerry his
business.
"I must decline to give any information to
THE EVENING WORLD," he said.
Again and again the reporter tried to point
out the gravity of this case to the President.
He related the facts as given above. It was
no use.
Taking a long column of clippings from
THE EVENING WORLD, giving the opinions of
the Supreme Court Judges, in reference to
the case, Mr. Gerry's children's bill, Mr.
Gerry waved it at the reporter and said:
"The paper that takes the stand it does in
this matter, and publishes such filth, I will
hold no communication with it."
"The matter written there, Mr. Gerry,"
said the reporter, "represents the opinions
of the Supreme Court Judges, but that is
not the matter I was sent here to inquire
about. The Weiss case is one of peculiar
hardship, and THE EVENING WORLD merely
wants to know why the child is kept from her
parents, who are abundantly able to take
care of her."
"Once and for all, you can get no infor-
mation here," answered Mr. Gerry.
The reporter went out, while the ghost of
a smile chased itself across the features of
Jenkins.

A FEW FLASHES OF WIT.

As the Congregation Filed Out.
[From Judge.]



Rev. Mr. McGree (who has found an unfamiliar
poker-chip in the morning's collection of church
oblations, Miss Pinshaw, but that isn't one of
regular club checkers, on her 'for convenience
in cashing up, I'd like to fer fer know what
you've been playin' this week?"

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DYING A LA CARTE.

The Many Ways in Which Prince
Rudolph Is Said to Have Expired.

Apoplexy, Heart Failure, Suicide and
Murder Among Them.

There is Also a Suppressed Report that
May Be More Startling.

VIENNA, Feb. 7.—The following is another
account of the circumstances attending the death
of Crown Prince Rudolph: Rudolph had
courtier Baroness Marie Vetsera for four
months. The liaison, it is stated, was encour-
aged by Countess Wallersee-Larisch, a niece of
the Empress. Marie, who was of romantic
disposition and nervous temperament, was
devoted to Rudolph. On Jan. 28 the pair
started in a two-horse closed carriage for
Meyering, where they passed the next day
together. On the morning of Jan. 30 the two
were found dead in bed. Marie had been shot
through the forehead. Rudolph had also been
shot as already described. It was evident that
the two had resolved to die together. The cover-
let was strewn with flowers. The body of Marie
was secretly taken to a cottage and thence re-
moved for interment. The Vetsera family left
Vienna on Saturday for Venice.

Apparently there is no end to the ways that
Prince Rudolph met his death. Despatches
from Europe, with new and startling details,
are of such frequent occurrence that a sum-
mary of them makes unusually interesting
reading.

THE FIRST NEWS APPOXY.
The first despatch announced that the
Crown Prince had died of apoplexy of the
brain, at Meyering. Then the cable suppli-
menting this news by a correction. It was
heart stoppage.

SUICIDE NEXT.
But, although everybody who joins the
majority is troubled with heart-stoppage, the
Austrian physicians refused to bolster up
this report with their statements, and, fol-
lowing fast on this report, it was flatly said,
by the Emperor's own command, that the
Archduke had suicided.

MURDER IN THIS ONE.
The next despatch had the shooting in it,
but it was some other man, not Rudolph, that
discharged the fatal bullet that ended the
Crown Prince's life. This murderous in-
dividual was to be husband of a lady who
was at the chateau at Meyering. This was
the first appearance of "the woman in the
case."

COMPULSORY SUICIDE.
The next news had the woman in it, but it
said that the death of Rudolph was suicidal.
He had committed it, however, rather than
meet in a duel the brother of a Princess
whom he had betrayed.

MURDER ONCE MORE.
Then the outraged husband came to the
fore in the following cablegram. But his ad-
vent was enriched with dramatic details. He
had first confronted his wife with his knowl-
edge of her infidelity, and fairly bullied the
poor thing into suicide, which she committed
by poison in the wild hope of mending her
honor. Having settled this summarily with
the wife of his bosom, the nobleman rushed
off to the shooting box of Rudolph and shot
him through the head as he was sitting in his
bed.

DUEL WITH DICE THIS TIME.
The next version harked back to the duel,
and this time it was an "American duel."
Thus were the despatches by the opposi-
tious thrashing dice, and the one who loses by
casting the lower throw of the ivory cubes
blows his brains out with a pistol. Rudolph
was in bed, luck and lost. The other man
was the son of a high Austrian family. This
account gave three months as the term al-
lowed for the commission of the deed after
the victim had been designated by the cast of
the dice. This account would harmonize
the statements about Rudolph's dejected re-
marks and preparations for death.

MURDER AND SUICIDE TOGETHER.
Again the most florid account of all came
humming over the wire. It was the sketch.
Thus were the despatches by the opposi-
tious thrashing dice, and the one who loses by
casting the lower throw of the ivory cubes
blows his brains out with a pistol. Rudolph
was in bed, luck and lost. The other man
was the son of a high Austrian family. This
account gave three months as the term al-
lowed for the commission of the deed after
the victim had been designated by the cast of
the dice. This account would harmonize
the statements about Rudolph's dejected re-
marks and preparations for death.

ANOTHER VERSION.
Another version of the suicide narrative is
that Prince Rudolph met the Baroness
in a game-keeper's cottage, a forester
surprised them, and Rudolph was
shot in the shoulder, while trying to escape.
The Baroness thereupon took poison, the
forester killed himself, and the Prince went
home and committed suicide.

THE FIRST NEWS SENT TO ROME.
Lastly, the church end of the line is heard
from by connection with Rudolph's death. A
Roman despatch to the London Daily News
says that the first telegram to the Vatican
simply announced the death of the Crown
Prince. Leo XIII. wrote, with his own with-
ered, trembling hand that could hardly hold
a pen, four lines of condolence, *Dilecto An-
astasio Nostro Filio, Francisco Joseph*.

SECOND ROMAN ACCOUNT.
The next day the news reached Rome of the
duel fought on a table-cover, with dice for
weapons, the unfortunate cast of Rudolph, and
his self-extinction with a revolver as a
consequence. His Holiness hurriedly called
troupeurs of every alien in Rome. Here was a
complication worthy of their subtle brains.
A man had committed suicide, and suicides
are refused Christian burial by the Catholic
Church.

But the man was Rudolph, son of a most
devoted son of the Church and heir apparent
to the Austrian crown! What kind of suicide

was it? Well, a most fantastic one. This
young Mightiness had thrown dice with an
inferior to see which of the two should blow
out his brains! Absurd grotesquery. And
the Crown Prince had lost, and—had blown
out his brains! Madness. But mad suicides
are not held by the law denying Christian
burial, as they don't know what they are do-
ing.

The convalescences breathe once more. The
cardinals fold up their trains and depart.
The mortal remains of Archduke Rudolph are
interred in the Capuchin Church, with the
hole in the back of his skull hidden by the
satin folds of the casket.

RURIED.
So, on Tuesday afternoon, at 5 o'clock,
Prince Hohenlohe formally consigned the re-
mains of the heir to the Austrian crown to
the Father Guardian of the Augustinian
Church, in Vienna. In the storied vaults lie
the mouldering skulls which were once
bound by the Imperial circle. Rudolph, in
all the tragic horror of his unexplained death,
has gone to join his ancestors.

A SUPPRESSED ACCOUNT.
The *Pester Lloyd*, with a lofty virtue that
would wring tears from a cooing dove, de-
clares that it has the full and authentic account
of the immediate cause of the Meyerling
tragedy, but that it involves very delicate and
purely private matters and as the first family
in the land has the same claim to considera-
tion which is granted to even the lowest, it
will never, oh never! tell what it knows.
The *Pester Lloyd* will probably break loose
within a week, and then there may be some
other variation